

## Corrections of A Sort of Match Report! OOPS!

Sunday 28 November 2010 - Brentham vs Barnes

Squad:

Aid, Dave S, Dave G , Mike M, Paul James, Pete, Mark LS, Tony G, John Rogers, Jon Rhodes, Terry Butcher (the Unit), Paul Navarre, Mick Eames, Nigel,

Dear All, and for the benefit of the Firminator whose wonderful email guardian returned the report with the following message: "'Block Abusive Language (Body - Inbound)': [CONTENT: Message content contains 't----r']". Action: Quarantine email and alert sender", I must also apologise to the Big Nose, sorry Unit, for omitting to mention 'twas he who scored a fantastic 7th goal in the 64th minute. Clearly I was having a CRAFT moment at the time (Can't Remember A Fking Thing!) which is not unusual for me as you all know. Need a drink methinks and to practice on the ice so I'm off out.

MM

ps amended section at the end of the third para if you've nothing else to do.....

On a blue-sky, crisp and pretty damn cold Sunday morning, Brentham Vets gathered at the picaresque landscape of North Ealing. Jack Frost had got there before most of us and the blinking gates were locked too! No matter, as messrs Rhodesy and Marky Mark clambered over them to save a trudge back down the street. Well Marky Mark puffed and wheezed and clambered up while John skipped over in easy fashion. Others made the trek around the clubhouse to greet BBC newsreader Ben from Barnes and his mates, some of whom we were soon to find out would not reach Vet's age qualification for another 20 years! Madrid all over again beckoned as did a very hard and icy pitch!

Despite the inherent dangers of the Brentham pitch turning into a skating rink and with memories of last season's 'dancing on ice' rehearsal not long in the memory, a gentleman's agreement was hatched as both sides were keen to play regardless of the conditions. 'No rash or slide tackles' was all Herr Grosen added to the shortest pre-match chat in Vets' history - 'Let's just go out and enjoy ourselves chaps.....carefully' was the mantra of the day.

The Ben and Barnes lot were short, well not all of them, but certainly low in numbers and the Mighty Mikey Miley unselfishly volunteered to make them up raising their average age to 24 (little did he know that der Grosen had not selected him to start anyway, as the previous night's massage did not produce the expected climax). Anyway, I can't remember whether the non-climaxing coin spinner (aka the t\*\*\*\*\*r) won the toss or not, but Brentham began the game defending the bowling green end.

Interlude:

*The pitch was like ice and hard as the Vets began to foray  
Hoby was nice to them defending like lard and the rest of us defended very gay  
Ben and Barnes scored twice on the card before Brentham decided to play  
Then Rhodsey got a beautiful one we were due, they scored again, but French  
Pauly got us back in with two, before the half time whistle blew with 3-3 the  
score and Capps having little to do.*

The tactical substitution after 20 minutes (these are almost big Pete's words verbatim), when Hoby went off with a feigned hamstring strain, had helped the team to master the youthful Ben and Barnes attack at last and for most of the time, Brentham played some elegant football from front to back and back to front. The trouble was that we seemed to have gotten it the other way round in the 2<sup>nd</sup> and 7<sup>th</sup> minutes when B&B stormed through the defence with most of us facing the wrong way, calling out 'Yours Aidy!' Some semblance of order and growing confidence set us up well for the second half and no-one believed we could lose as the indomitable Miley, having played a brilliant first half defending for the visitors, teamed up with Marky Mark in the centre for the expected second half stroll. You see B&B were now down to 10 men as they had no more subs and nor did we.

On 47 minutes, French Pauly completed a fine hat-trick with a rasping shot the goalkeeper couldn't hold. On 49 minutes, Sellars was capping a fine game with a deft header at the far post after a good move and cross down the right (Nigel or John?). Then on 58 minutes, Paul completed a quad for the second time this season. Bien monsieur! With the extra man advantage Rogers was rolling down the wing at every opportunity, Grosey growled and gathered up any advancing underage usurpers whilst the Big Unit was magisterial in the middle, despite his nose being uncorked for the second week running when a ball bounced a little higher than expected (you had to feel sorry for Tom, but it didn't stop any of us laughing all the same – what a hoot, er, he is! That's awful Ed;).

A lapse of concentration allowed B&B another consolation goal on 73 minutes, making the score 7-4, leaving enough time for Marky Mark to put out his cigarette and maraud forward and miss two golden chances to score. He was unlucky of course, as Sir Duff, who was sorely missed, will testify. It isn't easy to score when you're aiming at a Ben and Barnes door instead of the goal.

So 7-4 it was and it could have been much more, yet simply surviving uninjured on ice was an achievement in itself. A fine game by everyone including heaps of good passing football throughout. And yes, Sellars did have a good game. See you at the rink on Sunday, temperatures permitting!

Goalscorers Paul 4, Jon R 1, Tom R 1 and Dave Sellers 1

MM